

the school alley

by Emerald Night 117

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Summary: Hiccup is a normal 15 year old, though he thinks he is low on the popularity scale. astrid is easily the most popular girl the the school, Things aren't always following beliefs, as the two different people start a friendship... or is it something more? Hiccstrid. modern AU. On Hold, sorry. the picture gave me the idea. it belongs to sharpie on deviantART.

1. Chapter 1

Hiccup walks out of the school today is a free day! The teenagers all are tossing a football, playing basketball, or walking around the track. Hiccup walks over to the wall of the school facing the others. He sighs, thinking about how better his life would be if he had friends.

"Some nights I wish that this all would end," he softly sings, he is a good singer. "'Cause I could use a friend for a change." He closes his eyes and imagines a better life.

"Hey useless!" someone shouts. Hiccup is then hit in the skull by a stone, followed by laughter. Hiccup opens his eyes to see€|

'_Well that is a surprise.' _Hiccup thinks sarcastically _'__it is Snotlout.' _

"Useless, go ahead cry for help like the wimp you are." He jeers as he pulls Hiccup's arm into a painful position.

'_Man do I want to kill him right now.' _Hiccup thinks. Snotlout eventually lets go, being called by his band of cronies to play football. He gets up off the ground and just leans on the wall again.

"How do you put up with him?" asks a female voice from next to him. He turns and sees Astrid, a girl that he has had a crush on since he

first met her. He gives a half smile and to his surprise, she lightly blushes and looks at him from the corner of her eyes. **(A/N, look at the picture at the top of the page, that is this scene.) **

"I don't really know." Is all he said. She looks at him surprised but keeps her body in the same spot, just her eyes are facing him. This is the first time he has spoken at school. Everyone thought he was a mute. "I could fight back, but that would only make others hate me more." He sighs as he turns his head to look out into the field. "I want to gain his friendship without doing something I would regret. I don't really want to become an even worse enemy to him than I already am, or the whole school for that matter." His eyes start to water remembering when his torment started.

"When did he start?" she asks.

'_That has to be a coincidence.' _He thinks. "After my mother died." He said softly. She died protecting him, a standard hit and run. The driver was not found. Astrid's head snapped to him. Her eyes filled with guilt.

"I'm sorry." She says.

"Eh, don't worry about it." He said. She nods and looks out into the crowds of teens. He chuckles.

"What's so funny." She asks.

"Here I am, a social outcast, talking to easily the most popular girl in the school" he chuckles. "If Christian was here he would say the universe was out of order. Or someone needed to die." She giggles. "He was an odd person, but the best brother one could ask for."

"What happened to him?" she asks after she got over her giggling fit.

"Armed forces, stationed in Iraq, harrier pilot." He says. "He loves those vertical flight planes. Brilliant sniper, the Special Forces wanted him to join, but he declined. He likes explosions more than sniping. In his words 'I can't live without seeing a beautiful explosion in the sky every now and then.' Man, the guy is such a fruit." She laughs. "He was not very talkative to people around our age. It just grew on him, I got so annoyed when he started to not shut up!" Hiccup starts laughing.

"Sounds like he gets on people's nerves a lot." She says. He nods.

"Yeah, but he had my back whenever possible. Helped in stopping Snotlout. The idiot was terrified of him after he and Christian had a game of Call of Duty, Christian crushed him after Snotlout started teasing me about my poor skills." Hiccup says. "I heard Snotlout whisper 'note to self, don't piss off Christian haddock'" Astrid laughs again.

"Yeah, I remember Snotlout stopped flirting with me for a week, since I learned he stayed away from Christian. It was like Christmas came early that year." She laughs. The bell rings. The two head into the school. "Bye Hiccup! See you tomorrow!" she calls as she walks off to

her locker. Hiccup gives a wave. Hiccup heads to his bus and sits down, at his stop he starts walking to the airport to watch the planes, something him and his brother did a lot. As he watches, he notices three harriers waiting to land. The lead plane, flies over hiccup and does a little jig. Hiccup's eyes widen, his brother said he would do that jig if he saw hiccup watching the planes when he came back. Hiccup runs to the air force hangers. On the field, a crowd of airport personal were waving and cheering as the three planes fly overhead. They soon land and the pilots get out of them. As Hiccup suspected, his brother is the lead pilot. Hiccup waves and Christian laughs and walks over.

"Christian!" Hiccup shouts.

"Calm down Hiccup" he laughs. His blonde hair falls over his forehead. **(Yes, Hiccup's brother is a Blondie since stoic has the same color hair as hiccup, I assume that hiccup's mom was a blonde)**."Let's go home, I want to scare the shit out of dad." Hiccup laughs. The two brothers walk off to their house.

2. Chapter 2

**This is the most interest I have had in any of my fanfics for a while. **

Hiccup and Christian arrive at the haddock house, a fair sized two story house. Christian walks up to the door and bangs it open like he is the police on a drug raid. Successfully scaring the living daylight out of Stoic.

"This is the United States army, drop your beers and come out with your hands up!" Christian shouts.

Hiccup's P.O.V.

I was almost rolling on the ground laughing when dad came out only to see that it was Christian.

"Christian! You scared the living hell out of me!" dad shouts.

"Sorry dad." Christian says sheepishly. I finally calm down enough to speak.

"Merry early Christmas dad!" I shout. Christian chuckles. Dad wraps both of us in a big bear hug.

"Dadâ€¦ Can't breathe." My brother and I say. Dad lets us go.

"So, Christian, what are you doing back here so early?" dad asks.

"Well, the military made a new policy saying that you must have at least finished high school before you can go on tour. I got one more year left." He says. "Hey bro, I am in the same grade as you. Since I didn't finish ninth grade." **(He was in flight school for the harrier.)**

"Yes!" I shout. He chuckles. We head inside and play a few games

before we go to bed.

The next day

"I can't wait to see Snotlout." Christian says sarcastically. I chuckle. We get on the bus and everyone instantly looks at Christian. "What, I need to finish ninth grade to back to Iraq. Don't judge me." we sit down. We arrive at the school shortly. We get off the bus and walk towards to school.

"Hiccup! Wait!" calls a female voice. I turn to see Astrid running to us.

"Hey Astrid." I say when she catches up to us. Christian looks to me, then her, and back to me.

"Okay, just as I thought. The universe is defiantly out of order. Someone needs to die, who is it?" He finally says. "Ugh, I haven't seen an explosion in a while. Yeah that's it." I chuckle at that. Astrid looks at me, then Christian, and back to me.

"I take it that you are Christian?" she asks. He nods. "Why are you here?"

"Needed to finish ninth grade so I can go back to Iraq. Where explosions are everywhere." He says calmly. "Nah, just kidding, didn't see a lot of action. I assume you are Astrid?" he asks. She nods. "Where is Snotlout, the first two things on my welcome home checklist is scare dad, check, and scare Snotlout."

"See? Such a fruit!" I whisper to her. She giggles. We walk inside. Christian walks into the office to get his schedule. We walk to homeroom. We take our seats and wait for class to start. I see there is an empty seat behind me.

"Class?" Asks the teacher, Mrs. Nightfury. "We have a new student. He is much older than you are because of the schooling policy the military made recently." I instantly know that it is Christian. "Come on in." The door opens and Christian walks in. Snotlout, who is usually lazy in class, instantly becomes afraid. "Tell us about yourself."

"Hello, I am Christian Haddock." He begins. "Um, I am 'slightly' hyper and I really love explosions." The class laughs. "Been gone overseas for the summer and start of the school year."

"Christian, will you take the seat behind Hiccup?" Mrs. Nightfury asks. He nods and makes his way to it. As he passes Snotlout, he smirks, causing my "fearless" cousin to sweat. He sits down behind me.

"Hey, Christian." I say. "Let me see your classes list." He nods. And hands me it. He has the same classes as me. Period 1: Math, period 2: reading, period 3: metal working, period 4: Band, Ocarina, period 5: social studies, period 6: science. "You got the same classes as me." he nods. And we focus on the day. Thirty minutes before school ends, the have the free time. As usual, I head to the wall that overlooks the field the others play at.

"Well, band was fun." Christian says. Me and Astrid nod. I play the

clarinet and she plays the flute. We were both surprised because Christian was the only ocarina player, and he played it perfectly. I lean in the same spot as yesterday, as does Astrid. Christian sits down on my left and pulls out his sketchpad. "Hold still." He says as he moves in front of us. We wait till he says he got our heads and face done, we start talking.

"Astrid! I am telling you." I exclaim, "Christian scared the living death out of my dad." She smirks.

"I did, I got it on my phone." He says. He pulls it out and replays yesterday afternoon. "He really thought he was getting arrested."

"You done?" she asks.

"In a secondâ€¦ done" he says. He holds it up. Astrid and I's jaws drop as he shows it. There is us leaning against the wall, it looked like me and Astrid on the paper would jump out at us. "You like it?" he asks hopefully. **(Basically, a black and white version of the cover picture on the top of the page.)**

"It'sâ€¦ Beautiful." Astrid says. Christian smiles. The bell rings and we walk into the school, and then head home.

3. Chapter 4

**I found out why this is better than my other stories! I have been listening to the halo 4 soundtrack. Statistics show that listening to wordless music helps the brain think. because you aren't trying to catch all the words. **

I get on the bus by myself. Christian has already learned the subjects today. Plus he needed to talk to the top brass. I get off the bus and walk to the school.

"Hiccup!" Astrid shouts from behind me. I wait for her to catch up. We walk into the school together and into class. Receiving Snotlout's glare, I shudder. I sit down and the day goes off without much excitement. At the free time, Astrid and I are leaning on the wall.

"Must suck, huh?" she asks.

"What do you mean?" I return.

"Must suck to be related to Snotlout." She says. I nod.

"Hey Astrid!" A male voice sounds. Snotlout runs up to us and shoves me away. I fall down and hit my head on the wall, hard.

"Go away Snotlout." Astrid snarls. I get up only to fall down again. I can see Astrid is very angry. "I won't go out with you, you brainless ape! Your breath smells like a skunk!" Snotlout visibly snaps. Face red from anger, he lashes out and lands a hard punch on Astrid's head. She sinks to the ground with a cry.

Normal P.O.V.

Snotlout walks up to Astrid and raises a fist. The air is shattered by the force of the punch, leaving two people surprised, in front of Snotlout, blocking his punch, is Hiccup. His eyes are a deadly cold stare, face is completely emotionless. Snotlout raises his fist again and lands a punch to Hiccup's gut. Hiccup lashes out with speed unmatched by any other person the other two people in that alley have seen. He lands a punch on Snotlout's gut and then face. Snotlout falls back and hits his head, resulting in him being out cold. Hiccup walks over to Astrid and offers a hand. She takes it.

"You okay?" he asks. She nods. A bruise is forming under her right eye. He takes her to the infirmary to get some ice for it.

"Thanks." She says.

"No problem." He returns. He gets on his bus and heads home. He gets off the bus and makes his way home, not seeing the furious Snotlout behind him. Hiccup hears heavy footsteps behind him, his eyes widen. The steps pattern, he has come to know many people's different pattern of how fast or slow they walk, is Snotlout's. Hiccup starts to run, fearing what may become of him if he doesn't. Snotlout follows at a faster speed. A meaty hand lands on Hiccup's shoulder and drags him to a nearby alley, in that alley, he is tied up and gagged.

"You are going to be a good little wimp and watch everything I do." Snotlout whispers to him. He then tells his two friends to hide in the shadows. He takes Hiccup's phone and texts Astrid. Telling her he needs help. Five minutes later, Astrid is seen running into the alley. The two boys jump out and stop her.

"Let me go you basterds." She shouts.

"Now why would we?" Snotlout asks. "Hold her down." The boys throw her to the ground and keep her there lying on her stomach. Hiccup then knows what he is doing, but Astrid says what he can't.

"No Snotlout, you are not raping me!" she shouts struggling. A click and a clinking is heard, and a fifty caliber case rolls to Snotlout's feet. They look up to see Christian, with a 50 cal. Sniper rifle. Said rifle is lazily aimed in Snotlout's direction.

"Now what in sane hell is going on here?" he asks sarcastically. The three boys get up and run, leaving our three main characters in the alley. He runs to Hiccup and cuts the ropes. Hiccup then runs to Astrid, pulls her up. Her face is streaming with tears. He pulls her into a tight hug.

"Shhh, it's okay. No one will hurt you we we can help it." He says. His shoulder is wet with her tears. He rubs the small of her back. He glances at Christian, who is at ready with sniper in hand, waiting just in case Snotlout comes back with a weapon. Astrid pulls away and does something both boys weren't expecting, she kisses him. Not on the cheek or nose, full on the lips. Hiccup closes his eyes and kisses her back. After they are done. "Come on. We need to get you home." He says.

"Thanks." She said to Christian, who in turn nodded politely. Hiccup and Astrid head to her house, hand in hand.

4. Chapter 5

****Alright, this will probably be the last update till Saturday. ****

I open the door and walk into my house. I head into the backyard to see Christian sniping shotgun clay disks out of the sky. He stops when he sees me.

"So." He starts, "You and Astrid, huh?" I instantly blush, and Christian smirks.

"Really?" I ask. "You had to bring that up?"

"Hey, just asking." He says. "Don't worry, I won't tease you two." I release a long sigh. "Hey I got a new sketch of everyone." He shows a drawing of me, Astrid, Snotlout, the twins ruffnut and tuffnut, and Fishlegs. I take Christian's sketchbook to look at all the pictures. All of them have me in them, most have Astrid. And some have the rest. I notice, though, that Christian never drew himself in them.

"Christian? Why are you never in these?" I ask. He looks at me.

"You really don't see it? Don't you" he says. I look at him confused. "Hiccup, you are not the social outcast you think you are. That is me. You, on the other hand, are, next to Snotlout and thuggery, are one of the most popular guys in the school. Which is why Snotlout picks on you, you are his competition." I look astonished. "The reasons people don't talk to you are because you don't talk to them and at free time always hang back by the school."

"That doesn't answer my question." I say.

"I would be like defective part, it won't look right." He says. "On a lighter note, you and Astrid want to go to my war-game practice later today, our weapons are electronically fired so the control group on the ground can determine if it is a kill or not." I nod and run to text Astrid.

"Do you usually win?" I ask.

"No. I mainly get out first." He says. I nod as I get a reply.

_Sure! :D _

_Great, let's meet by the fence. _

kk.

Christian puts his gun in his room and we walk out. We arrive at the airport to find that the flights for the next hour are canceled. Astrid is by the fence. Christian and I split ways.

"You doing better?" I ask as I come up behind her. She turns.

"Yeah, I am not afraid to walk outside if I am here." She jesters. I chuckle. A roar is heard as the harriers take off. It is easy to tell which one is Christian's, as the emerald green coat stands out in the

daylight. The planes head up to a high altitude. We watch Christian.

Christian's P.O.V.

"3â€¦2â€¦1â€¦start the game!" says the control tower. I hit the nozzles forwards. And the plane shoots into the battle. Instantly, my wingman back in Iraq pulls up behind me. I pull off a hammerhead and tag her out.

"Rachel, yer done!" shouts Gobber. I fly straight up. I cut power and pull my plane into an upwards flip. The air resistance slows the plane down as I level out. I hit the engines. I fire my machine gun and hit a plane. Two take each other out. Now it is just me and the war-game champion. I slide behind him and he sets his plane into hover mode. As I fly past him I pull up and kill the power to the engines. The tail slides from under me and I fire a shot into the cockpit. I hit the power after I finish my tight flip. I pull into a dive and then level out to land.

"Christian, how the fuck did you do that?!" shouts Rachel after I land. I shrug.

"The war-game dynasty has finally been ended. Matt here has won every war-game we have had. Until today. I present Christian as the new champion!" shouts Gobber.

"I gotta admit, that was pretty cool. What was different this time?" asks Matt.

"Home field advantage." I say.

"So this is where you grew up!" shouts Ryan. I nod.

"I flew for the first time here, I know the daily updrafts and downdrafts." I say. "I got requited here, I finished training here." They nod. I head out. I then unclench my very sweaty hands. "Well that was nerve wracking." I say to Hiccup and Astrid. They nod.

"Christian, I thought you never won any." Hiccup says.

"Home field advantage." I say again. They nod.

"That was too fast." Complains Astrid. I chuckle.

"If that was fast, the actual dogfights I have been in lasted half that time, the live fire really affects you." I chuckle. We walk off. "My hand hurts, I had a death grip on that joystick. Why is it called a joystick? The only joy it gives is when you can enjoy the view, other times you are scared out of your mind that it will fail." That got them to laugh. "Oh, I forgot it is Friday, I can finally stay up late again!"

"Hiccup, mind if I come with you guys? My parents aren't home. I want someone to talk to!" pleads Astrid.

"Sure." He says.

"Dad won't mind. He sleeps to much!" I say. We walk to our

house.

Hiccup's P.O.V.

Christian heads up to his room as we head to the living room.
Christian walks down with his case.

"I'll be out back." He says. We nod. We turn on the T.V and browse the shows.

"Mute the T.V." Astrid says. I do so. "Do you hear that?" I nod. It sounds like music. We walk to the back yard. We see Christian there, sniper rifle leaning against the wall. He is playing a song on what we can now see is a guitar. I easily recognize the tune. Numb by linkin park.

_I'm tired of being what you want me to be
>Feeling so faithless, lost under the surface
Don't know what you're expecting of me
>Put under the pressure of walking in your shoes
(Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow)
>Every step that I take is another mistake to you
(Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow)_

_I've become so numb, I can't feel you there
>Become so tired, so much more aware
I'm becoming this, all I want to do
>Is be more like me and be less like you

_Can't you see that you're smothering me,
>Holding too tightly, afraid to lose control?
'Cause everything that you thought I would be
>Has fallen apart right in front of you.
(Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow)
>Every step that I take is another mistake to you.
(Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow)
>And every second I waste is more than I can take.

_I've become so numb, I can't feel you there,
>Become so tired, so much more aware
I'm becoming this, all I want to do
>Is be more like me and be less like you.

_And I know
>I may end up failing too.
But I know
>You were just like me with someone disappointed in you.

_I've become so numb, I can't feel you there,
>Become so tired, so much more aware.
I'm becoming this, all I want to do
>Is be more like me and be less like you.

_I've become so numb, I can't feel you there.
>(I'm tired of being what you want me to be)
I've become so numb, I can't feel you there.
>(I'm tired of being what you want me to be)

He finishes with a few cords. We stare open mouthed at him. He looks up and yelps as he falls backwards.

"I take it that you two heard that?" he asks.

"Yep." I say.

"Crap." He says.

"Why is it so bad?" asks Astrid. "You sounded exactly like the singer!"

"Thanks, I guess." He says as he puts the guitar up and grabs the sniper. "Pull." And with that, the disk shatters. It starts becoming dark out when Astrid's phone rings. Astrid and I read it.

_Astrid. Me and your father will be out of town this weekend. I heard that you are currently and the haddocks, so I called stoic and he has agreed that you can spent the weekend with them. _

Have fun!

Mom.

Astrid and I look at each other while Christian packs up. I offer Astrid my bed saying I will sleep on the couch. Before she heads upstairs.

"Goodnight Hiccup." She calls.

"Sweet dreams Astrid." I return before I fall asleep.

**Dut da daa. I am dead. Anyway. Thanks for reading. Please review too. I want to know how I did. **

**Until next time. **

Emerald night the alicorn.

5. Chapter 6

Alright, since I got a lot of votes for two, and I liked the wargame for one, I combined them.

Christian's P.O.V.

My squad and I were practicing flight maneuvers, we were flying back when I got the bright idea to see if I can wake my neighborhood. I bring my plane just above the highest trees.

Hiccup's P.O.V.

ROAR! Startled, I fall off the couch. Astrid runs down the stairs and crashes into me. Dad looks outside.

"Damn it Christian!" he shouts.

"I guess he did a flyby?" I ask. He nods.

"I think he woke up the whole town." Astrid says. We chuckle and get ready for the day. We were eating breakfast when the door flings open. In walks Christian, smirking.

"You woke me up." I complain.

"Sorry I ruined your beauty sleep." He says. Astrid sniggers. I roll my eyes as he joins us at the table. The rest of breakfast was quiet. When they leave I back lunch into a basket, and a blanket. I am taking Astrid on a little picnic into Toothless cove, a cove that I once saw a toothless wolf, I named it toothless and called the wildlife rehab center. I walk into the living room and sit down next to Astrid, whose eyes are glued to the T.V. I watch along with her. Time flies watching T.V, because it was eleven when we stopped. Astrid and I talked for a while.

"Hey Astrid?" I start. "Would you like to join me in a little lunch in a clearing in the woods?" she smiles and vigorously nods. I grab the basket and we head out. I follow the trail I made. We arrive at the cove, surrounded by rock on three sides, the only one that wasn't was facing the ocean. A waterfall feeds water to the ocean.

"It's beautiful!" she exclaims. I smile. I lead her to a nice shady spot on the beach.

"Welcome to toothless cove." I say, "This is where I found a toothless wolf." I set the blanket down and sit down. Astrid soon joins me. We begin to eat. Astrid shifts over to me and lays her head on my shoulder. I blink three times and become as rigid as a board. I soon relax and notice that my head is slightly leaning on hers, plus that her head seems to fit perfectly into the crook of my neck. I smile as I look at her, her eyes are drooping like she will fall asleep in minutes. I lay her down after she falls asleep.

"Wha! Oomph!" I exclaim as she pulls me down next to her. She rolls over and droops her arm across my chest. Her head snuggles into my chest. I hear her sigh and faint snoring is heard. I assume she must be exhausted. Sleeping in a new house and what not. My thoughts are dispersed for the slumber I succumb to.

Back at the haddock household.

"Hiccup! Astrid! Come on!" Shouts Christian. Astrid and I ran to the door. We arrive at the airport for another wargame. "Oh-no." Christian groans.

"I have heard a lot about you Christian." Says a pilot I don't recognize.

"What do you want maverick?" returns Christian.

"Eh, I was called here to see if you guys can hold off a top gun ace. No biggie." Maverick says.

"Let's go." Says Christian as he walks off.

Christian's P.O.V.

"Guess who is going out first?" asks the smug voice of Maverick over the radio. "Christian!" I roll my eyes.

"Begin!" shouts the ground crew. Instantly maverick pulls behind me.

I pull off a hammerhead and take off. I take out Ben, Rachel, and Matt. I notice it is just me and maverick.

"Oh, for once Christian is not out." says maverick, trying to make me mad. I keep my cool.

"Let's dance, tubby." I say. Maverick and I go head to head. Since my comment ticked him off, he forgets to switch from missiles. One shot from me and he is out. "Look who is out now, eh?"

"Shut up." He snaps. I shrug.

"Who crapped in your cornflakes?" I say. I walk off.

Hiccup's P.O.V.

We head home. It is late. I make the mistake of laying down on the couch, for I fall won't get up. I feel a weight plus warmth. I think it is a heavy blanket, but I look down just in case. There, cuddly as a kitten, is Astrid. I almost hyperventilate. What do I do? I get up and carry her to my room. I lay her down on my bed, and just like what happened at the cove, she pulls me with her. She mumbles unintellectual words and rolls on top of me. I try to get up, but I am stopped by Astrid.

"Please stay." She says. I sigh and nod. She smiles and falls asleep. I don't my mind is racing, what does this mean about us? Two weeks ago she hated me, what changed? My thoughts disappear as I fall asleep.

6. This story is on HOLD

hey everyone, Sorry this isn't a chapter, but i have add a lot of reviews asking about the next chapter, since the age range of hiccup and astrid is around 16-18 in the story, i am waiting for how to train your dragon 2 to come out before i update this, the trailer shows hiccup around the age range, so it would seem more fitting for me to do this after i see HTTYD 2. this story is on HOLD, please, no more annoying reviews asking me to update before a week after HTTYD 2 comes out.

Emerald Night the Alicorn

7. apologies

alright y'all, I know HTTYD 2 is out. Sadly, I ain't seeing it until Monday, so I will have all of next week to update this, sorry for the inconvenience, and see y'all next week!.

8. Unexpected delays T-T

Sorry, Again.

Hey Y'all, The new chapter is taking much longer that anticipated. I might not get it out until the end of next week. Sucks I know, but i never really kept a deadline on my writing, it makes me feel rushed and i dont do so good, so.. i satisfy y'all, do you want a preview?

if so, please review.

Emerald Night 117

9. Preview of new chapter

****Hey everyone. First off. I'd like to say "IM SO FUCKING SORRY FOR NOT UPDATING! you see, i have been inactive on this site altogether. So i have to get back into my mojo, so... SORRY! please enjoy this little snippit of an story altering plot change, that you may or may not hate. ****

"Hey Christian?" Hiccup says, opening his bedroom door. Christian nearly tears the papers in half as he turns around.

"Jesus Christ! Knock a little Hiccup!" Christian says. "Yes?"

"What are you looking at?" Hiccup asks. "Oh, and, the principal is on the phone for you."

Classified documents." Christian says, nodding. Yesterday, he contacted the principal about the tanks and gave the names of the six students he found fitting for them. Christian nods and heads downstairs. There, he finds Astrid sitting at the table, sipping a cup of coffee.

"That will stunt your growth in certain places Hiccup might find appealing." Christian casually says, passing her. He gives a chuckle as her face turns red, she puts down her cup.

"Christian!" Hiccup and Astrid shout. He chuckles as he picks up the phone.

"Hello? Principal Jorgensen?" Christian says.

"Well, I have talked to the teachers about the six you've suggested, and found out their personalities are suited for their respective vehicles." Spitelout says. "Their approved, just remember that one of them is my son."

"Yes sir, can you contact them and tell them to meet me at the airfield." Christian says. Spitelout grunts in approval and hangs up. "Hiccup, Astrid, give me five minutes, then come with me to the airfield."

"Sure." They both say. Christian nods, before heading upstairs and changing into an army suit. He gets ready for the day, then meets Hiccup and Astrid by the door. He nods for them to follow. He opens his phone and dials a number.

"Cecilia. It's time." he says, and hangs up. As they rise over the hill, four figures are seen. In order from right to left, Tuffnut, Ruffnut, Fishlegs, and lastly Snotlout. All four are angry that their Saturday Morning was cut short. A jeep rolls up as Christian and co. arrive.

"Morning." Cecilia says, exiting the jeep. The younger teens line up.

"Whoa whoa whoa! Hang on! Why are we here? Who is her?" Snotlout says, pointing to the older blonde girl.

"Cecilia, gang. Gang, Cecilia." Christian says. The six nod as Cecilia waves. "I bet you're wondering why you're here, Gobber?"

"Welcome the Dragon Training!" Gobber yells as hangar doors begin to open. The eight teens flinch.

"Thanks Gobber." Christian mutters.

"Dragon Training?" Hiccup asks.

"Well, I have selected each of you for your specific traits. These vehicles you are about to see are Dragons in their way." Christian says as the hangar doors finish opening behind him. Inside are eight tanks.

10. Chapter 10

****Finally, it's. Here's what you've all been waiting for! THE NEW CHAPTER IS HERE! Please review and tell me how I did, Please!****

"So, you're sure about this command, I'm a pilot, not a tanker." Christian says.

"The terrorist group, Dragon Army, lead by Drago Bloodfist, is strong with many tanks, but weak in air forces, to have many pilots is a waste." An unknown voice says. "One of the reasons you went home was to find people suitable for these tanks."

"I have reviewed each of the vehicles. I have a good selection for each." Christian says.

"Good, now, let me introduce you to your partner. Cecilia? You there?" The man asks. His shaded face disappears and is replaced by the face of a blonde woman, not much older than Christian himself.

"I hear you loud and clear sir." Cecilia replies.

"Cecilia, meet Christian, otherwise known as Emerald Knight." The man says, "Christian, this is Cecilia, a recruit fresh out of training."

"Pleased to meet you, Cecilia." Christian says. Cecilia nods.

"Christian, you'll bribe the A-11 NightFury, missile variant. Cecilia, you'll take on the F-1209 Nadder, SpineSpike variant. I'll leave the rest of the arrangements to you." The man says. Christian nods, before the screen goes blank.

The next day.

Christian wakes to sunlight streaming through his window. He sits up and sighs as he looks out towards the army base.

"Tanks, huh?" He says. He sighs again as he readies himself for the day. He reviews each of the tanks' characteristics. First is the Z-1011 Zippleback, two tanks in one. While together, both 102mm cannons are aimed and fired by the driver of the right tank, each turret able to lift and lower based on the angle of fire, and the tank is able to split into two separate tanks. Next is the T-4829 Gronkle, a real powerhouse. It's 150mm cannon can blast a target up to five miles away, although the optics system will analyse every target very quickly, so the driver needs to be someone who understands complex statistics. With two feet of armor all around, the Gronkle can really pack a punch, and brush off even the worst of wounds. Next is the M-1211 Nightmare, a real brawler. Out of all the tanks, it has the strongest gun, and whooping 250mm cannon able to hit a target up to seven miles away. Although it only sports a foot of armor. A fast reload and a max speed of sixty six miles per as well as the gun is it's strong suit. Then there is the F-1482 Deadly Naddar, the co-commander, so to say. It's 225mm gun is nothing to scoff at, with an outstanding range of seven miles. It only has a half a foot of armor though, but it has a top speed of seventy seven miles per. The SpineSpike variant sports a machine gun on the front armor plate. while the TailSpike has one on the turret. And finally, there is A-11 Nightfury, the assassin. It's modified 200mm gun has a special muzzle suppressor that reduces noise and muzzle flash, while maximizing impact damage, and can hit a target at ten miles away. It has the fastest overall speed of ninety miles per. The missile variant sports two sixty pod valkyrie missile launchers, all missiles optimized for stealth, while the plasma variant sports an experimental Plasma repulsor, which will launch concentrated ball of electromagnetic plasma. Christian sighs as the six how come into mind are only ninth graders.

"Hey Christian?" Hiccup says, opening his bedroom door. Christian nearly tears the papers in half as he turns around.

"Jesus Christ! Knock a little Hiccup!" Christian says. "Yes?"

"What are you looking at?" Hiccup asks. "Oh, and, the principal is on the phone for you."

Classified documents." Christian says, nodding. Yesterday, he contacted the principal about the tanks and gave the names of the six students he found fitting for them. Christian nods and heads downstairs. There, he finds Astrid sitting at the table, sipping a cup of coffee.

"That will stunt your growth in certain places Hiccup might find appealing." Christian causally says, passing her. He gives a chuckle as her face turns red, she puts down her cup.

"Christian!" Hiccup and Astrid shout. He chuckles as he picks up the phone.

"Hello? Principal Jorgensen?" Christian says.

"Well, I have talked to the teachers about the six you've suggested, and found out their personalities are suited for their respective vehicles." Spitelout says. "Their approved, just remember that one of them is my son."

"Yes sir, can you contact them and tell them to meet me at the

airfield." Christian says. Spitelout grunts in approval and hangs up. "Hiccup, Astrid, give me five minutes, then come with me to the airfield."

"Sure." They both say. Christian nods, before heading upstairs and changing into an army suit. He gets ready for the day, then meets Hiccup and Astrid by the door. He nods for them to follow. He opens his phone and dials a number.

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"Cecilia, gang. Gang, Cecilia." Christian says. The six nod as Cecilia waves. "I bet you're wondering why you're here, Gobber?"

"Welcome the Dragon Training!" Gobber yells as hangar doors begin to open. The eight teens flinch.

"Thanks Gobber." Christian mutters.

"Dragon Training?" Hiccup asks.

"Well, I have selected each of you for your specific traits. These vehicles you are about to see are Dragons in their way." Christian says as the hangar doors finish opening behind him. Inside are eight tanks. "Gobber."

"Right!" Gobber says, standing by a wide green tank with two turrets. "Ruffnut, Tuffnut. This beauty is the Z-1011 Zippleback. This tank has the ability to split into two tanks. Each has a 102mm gun that can hit a target up to five miles away. It has a foot and a half of all around armor and can move at sixty miles per hour. It has a traverse speed of twenty degrees per second." The Thorson twins smirk evilly. Gobber moves to a bulky brown tank. "Fishlegs, you'll take the T-4829 Gronkle. This powerhouse has a 150mm cannon with a range of five miles. Two feet of armor all around. Turret traverse speed of twenty degrees per second and top speed of fifty miles per. You're the shield, use your armor. The optics system will give you statistics on enemy vehicles." Fishlegs nods in determination. Gobber moves to an impressive looking red tank. "Snotlout, this here is the M-1211 Nightmare. This powerful tank has a 250mm cannon that can hit a target up to six miles away. With a speed of sixty six miles per, your armor is pretty low, with a foot of protection. It has a reload speed of five shells in five seconds and a traverse speed of twentyfive degrees per second." Snotlout nods arrogantly as Gobber moves to a two fast looking blue tanks. "Astrid, Cecilia, this here is the F-1482 Deadly Naddar, SpineSpike and TailSpike variants. Both sports a 225mm cannon capable of hitting a target up to seven miles away. With a speed of seventy seven miles per, your armor is half a foot. She has a traverse speed of thirty degrees per second. The

TailSpike, Astrid's, sports a machine gun on the turret. The SpineSpike, Cecilia's, sports a machine gun on the frontal armor." The two blondes nod. Gobber walks over to two sleek midnight blue tanks. "Hiccup, Christian, here's the A-11 Nightfury, Missile and Plasma variants. The A-11 sports a 200mm cannon with a suppressor that reduces noise and muzzle flash, while increasing penetration power, also giving a range of ten miles. It has a top speed of ninety miles per and a traverse of thirty degrees per second." Snotlout does a spit take with the coffee he was given.

"Ninety miles per hour!" Everyone but the eldest three shout. Christian nods.

"That's not it," Gobber starts. "It is optimized for stealth, dead silent while running. Now, the Missile variant, Christian's, sports dual launchers on the turret, each holding sixty pods, with five missiles each. The Plasma variant sports the experimental Plasma cannon. Which fires a blast of electromagnetic plasma the destroys the target and causes an EMP effect to nearby electronics." Christian nods in satisfaction while Hiccup stands in awe.

"Whoa whoa whoa!" Snotlout shouts. "Why have we been 'chosen' to operate these?"

"About the smartest thing to ever come out of your mouth Lout." Christian says. "One, the infamous terrorist group, Dragon Army, led by Drago Bloodfist, has set their sights on Berk, and they are strong in ground forces. Your personalities are to blame for being here, the Zippleback is a dual tank, so you'll need people who are close enough to operate on the same wavelength. That's where the Twins come in. The Gronkle needs someone skilled in statistics, Fishlegs' fortie. The Nightmare has a powerful gun, causing many people to become hotheaded. Have someone already hotheaded begin driving won't alter their personality. The Naddar needs someone with a independent personality, Astrid is perfect for the position. Though, I don't know much about Cecilia, i can assume she is picked for the same reason. Hiccup's personality suits him with the Plasma variant of the A-11 because of the plasma cannon's experimental tech, and Hiccup might be able to perfect it and as such, was put with the Plasma variant. My love for explosions puts me with the Missile variant." Christian says. Snotlout nods.

"So, who thinks they can drive one of these things now?" Gobber asks. None step forward, until Christian calmly walks up. "Lt Haddock, you think you have a idea how to operate a tank?"

"Give me a minute in the seat, that's how i learned the basic controls for the Harrier." Christian says offhandedly. Cecilia's eyes stap to him with a gasp.

"Yea, that was surprising when you just took off on your first time in the cockpit." Gobber says, a slight chuckle in his voice. Christian gives a short laugh, before jumping into his tank. After a moment, the engine roars to life and Christian slowly moves the tank forward, he stops, turns the turret, and fires the blank round loaded, after repositioning the turret, the gos down the vacant runway at full speed, before doing a U-Turn drift and heading back. He parks in the same place the tank was before and hops out. He turns to the amazed teens behind him with a little smirk on his face.

"Dragon Army won't know what hit them." Christian says, and the shouts of agreement fill the air as the sun sets on the Saturday

11. AN UPDATE IN THE WORKS

ALRIGHT I HAVE DECIDED!

Well... I decided that most of my attention, besides from my summer class for PRG videogame design, I will invest myself into getting my new stories out and updating some old ones. My gears are turning! I will start and update. No ETA though, due dates are a pain. So, I'm just here to tell you one thing. Dragon riders, PREPARE FOR ARMORED WARFARE!

End
file.